

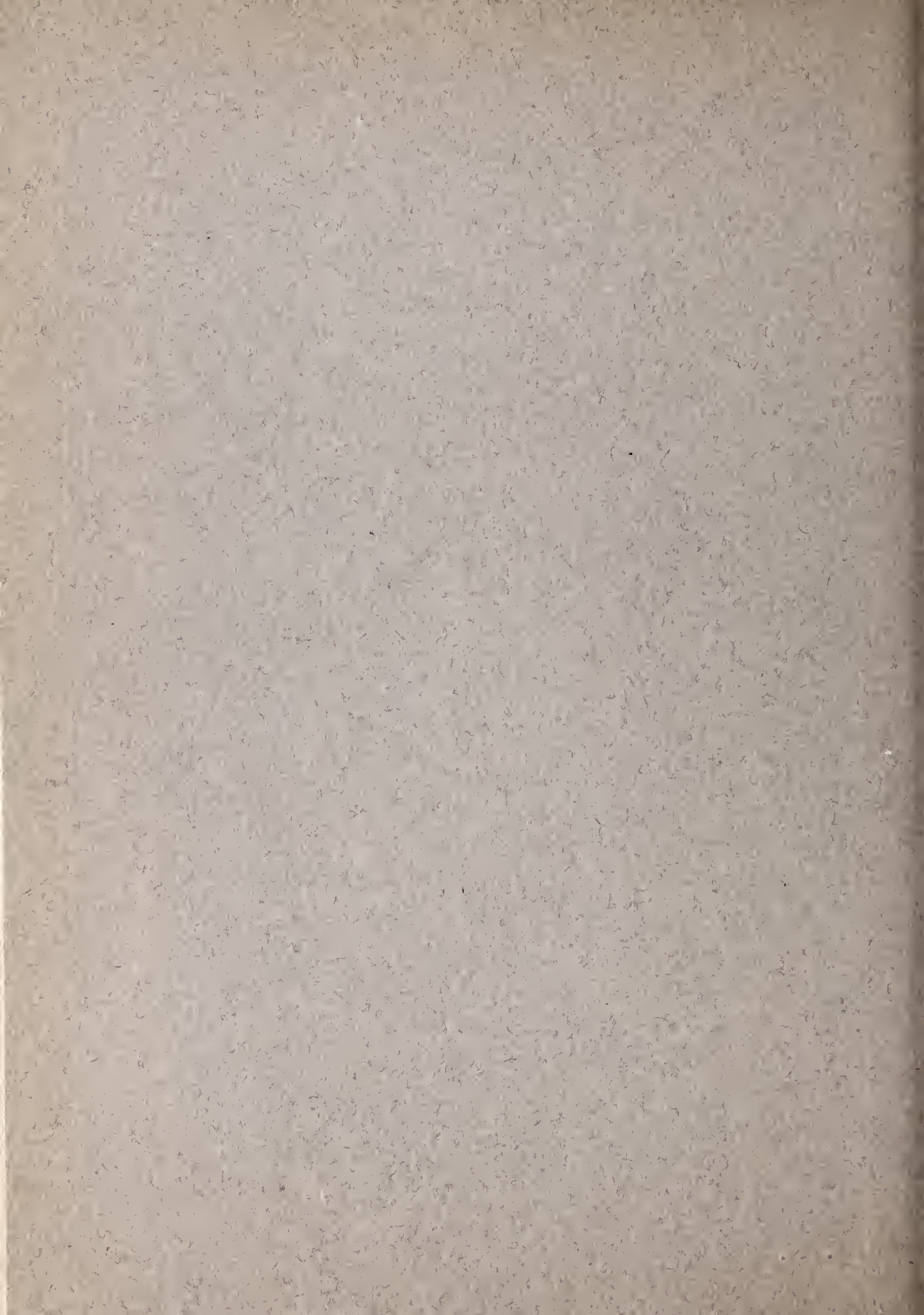


Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2017 with funding from
LYRASIL and LYRASIL Members

https://archive.org/details/missilethe1923pete_0

The Missile

IPS



Contents



Staff	- - - - -	Page 1
Editorial	- - - - -	2
Who Won	- - - - -	4
The Ballad of Johnny Sprigs	- - - - -	6
God's Law and Man's	- - - - -	7
A Ballade	- - - - -	10
A Boarder	- - - - -	10
A Thought	- - - - -	13
Just Plain John	- - - - -	13
Athletics	- - - - -	18
Alumni Notes	- - - - -	20
Little Missiles	- - - - -	21
School Notes	- - - - -	24
Exchanges	- - - - -	25
Advertisements	- - - - -	27



STAFF

Pauline Donnan, '23 ----- Editor-in-Chief

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Earl Britton, '23	Audrey Bozel, '24
Edith Crump, '24	Exchange Editor
Margaret Leigh, '23	Alumni Editor
Sidney Hawkins, '24	Boys' Athletic Editor
Elizabeth Hargrave, '24	Girls' Athletic Editor
Virginia Lewis, '23	Head Reporter
Robert Talmage, '25	Business Manager
Earl Valentine, '24	Asst. Business Manager
Alexander Hamilton, '24	Circulation Manager
Beverley Patton, '24	Asst. Circulation Manager

Published four times during the school year, at regular intervals, by the Pupils of the Petersburg High School.

Subscription price, \$1.00 per session; 50 cents per half session; 15 cents per copy.

Address all communications to Petersburg High School, Petersburg, Virginia.

Entered as second-class matter at Postoffice, Petersburg, Va.



The February session began with a renewal or rather, one may say, a continuance, in even an exaggerated manner, of a habit—no, we would not call it a habit, but an ill action on the part of certain students to claim articles not belonging to them.

The ills resulting from this action cannot be enumerated. Apart from thrusting personal honor aside to such an extent that places for real trust are doubtful—this action has endangered the standing reputation of the Petersburg High School. When conditions reach the climax that at the beginning of the session was reached by this evil, steps must be taken before our building of public instruction becomes an example of dishonesty.

The Senior Class realized the importance of immediate action and came to the relief of P. H. S. A Senior Council has been organized, backed by the entire Senior Class, to start a "battle royal" against such an outrageous evil. The importance of such a movement cannot be over-estimated. If we are to allow such conditions to exist, how can we maintain a spirit or standing of which to be proud?

What is there left when honor no longer remains? A Senior Class can start a clean-up movement along these lines, but it takes a whole High School to put it through. Individual inspection and united efforts are the first necessities. It's your High School; make it worthy of the pride you would like to place in it. Sweep it clean and keep it spotless.

—P. D.

KNOCKERS

Knockers are usually attached to the outside of a door, and are used to attract attention—sometimes a necessity, more often an ornament, and usually a nuisance.

Figuratively speaking there are human knockers—real sure enough boys and girls who are never a necessity, but always a nuisance. They deem themselves ornaments and misjudge their station only by omitting that they are the most corrupt ornaments in a school. These few, encouraged by the sentiments of others who sympathize but dare not participate openly in this seemingly popular sport, tear down all that's good and honorable among students.

If you are to be a part of anything be proud of it, be loyal, and give your best to it. To knock your school is to hit yourself in the face. It is an ill from without, but a monstrous evil from within.

Students, let's boost our teams, our organizations and our teachers. Boosting spells success.

IN MEMORY OF OUR DEAR SCHOOLMATE DOROTHY KATHERINE LYONS

"God's Flowers"

A little flower by the wayside grew,
God loved and cared for it
As He loved and cared for you.

The cold, bleak winter was drawing near;
God picked the little flower,
And He picked you, dear.

In heaven he made a bower,
Sheltered from the cold North Wind,
For you and his little flower.

And you are happy there
In your bower of flowers,
Under God's loving care.

—Florence Crocker.

WHO WON

"Hum! Look's bad for me," grunted Dick as he seated himself on the low window sill. "I sure wanted to play in that game. It'll be the biggest game of the season, and here I am with fifties and sixties enough to drown you," and Dick Bingham, the big quarterback and mainstay of the team, groaned at his hard luck. "The game is Saturday morning. We'll get our reports Friday evening. There's mighty little hope, but I'd better keep in practice in case I do get through. Seventy-five on three out of the five is hardly probable, though."

"O, maybe you'll make it," replied his friend. "More than likely you miscalculated on one of them. You've just got to be in this game. It decides the championship, and you know we can't win it without you."

"Probably so, but that doesn't change the marks."

Dick practiced the rest of the week, and the team worked like a machine, and were confident of adding this game to their list of victories. They all felt, however, that this depended on whether Dick made his marks or not.

Friday, the day for reports, came. Dick wasn't nervous when several hundred persons looked on and yelled while he played. He was not afraid when he found himself up against a big husky opponent, but he could not help from feeling a bit shaky as he faced that little slip of paper. Then Dick began to think he'd lost most of his reasoning as he gazed at those five little marks. History 65; English 75; Latin 56; Physics and Geometry 85. Dick, however, did not keep it to himself. Soon everybody around him knew it.

"And I thought I'd flunked that Geometry flat. I can't see how I did it. Fifty-five on test and eighty-five on report. Bet I beat you on Geometry," said Dick, turning to Joe Binsted, the boy who sat next to him in Geometry class.

"It wouldn't surprise me a bit. I didn't get but 70 on my report, and I showed you my test paper that I got 80 on, and you know I've done good class work."

"You're right. Things are sure happening funny these days. The teachers must have decided to close their eyes and jot down some marks. The lucky ones got the highest and the rest the lowest. Thank goodness I was lucky."

It didn't take Dick long to dress that afternoon and he went through practice as if he were on springs. He had not had time to do much thinking. He had been all up in the air from the time he had seen his report, and most of the men on the team wondered how he got through practice with the success he did, they knowing his nature.

Dick lived about five blocks from school, and every evening he would walk home after practice. As occurs to most people having a walk of any distance, some subject would occur to Dick, and over this he would ponder as he walked, thus making the distance seem much shorter. As would be expected, the thing that Dick thought about on this Friday afternoon was his success in his studies. The more he thought about it, the more he began to be afraid to think about it. His mind was one of the inquisitive kind. He had to know the who and all the other w's connected with any topic. On arriving home, however, most of his enthusiasm had departed. He entered the house without any unusual noise, and his mother read his report through this.

"It's too bad you didn't make your grades, dear," said his mother as he entered the sitting room. "Did you miss them by many points? I was planning on seeing you play tomorrow."

"I made them, Mumsie. That is, they're on my report, but I don't know as yet just whether I'll play or not. There's a little something peculiar about my marks."

Dick was very quiet that night. His mother noticed this, and said little. Shortly after supper he went to bed, but not to sleep. He was thinking more and more. He remembered exactly how the Geometry class roll ran, George Boyle, Dick Bingham, Joe Binstead, etc. He knew his daily work and his test grade. He also knew those of Joe Binstead. But most of all, he knew how much higher Joe's should have been than his. He thought about that big game. How he longed to be in it. How he had looked forward to it. He remembered his clean record without one stain on the white page of his beautiful speech. He weighed all points again and again. The more he thought, the more worried he became. He finally fell to sleep, but there he encountered troubled dreams, which caused his sleep to be

no more restful than if he had remained awake. By morning, he had come to no more conclusion than when he retired. He looked tired and worn out. The game was at eleven o'clock. He left home about ten. He went to school and put on his uniform. He acted as if he hardly knew what his next move was. Out on the field he went through a few signals and then the team lay down on the side lines. Suddenly Dick jumped up and hurried across the field to where he saw his Geometry teacher.

"Mr. Waitts, have you your grade book with you?" asked Dick after shaking hands with him.

"Yes, sir," replied the teacher. "That's a little something that goes nearly everywhere I go."

"Well, will you tell me what my mark for this month was?"

"Certainly. Let me see. Here it is. You made 70 this month."

"Thank you, sir. I thought you had made a mistake. You confused my mark with Joe Binsted's. His name comes right after mine, and you reversed ours on sending them in this month."

"Fellows, I can't play today. I thought I made my marks, but I didn't," said Dick as he joined the team.

"Can't play?" exclaimed several together. Immediately most of the players arose to sitting and kneeling positions.

"You've just got to play. We can't win without you."

"Yes you can. Go on in there, and beat those fellows all to pieces. If I play, I forfeit my right to play in the coming games."

The team went in and lost, but Dick won.

W. EARL BRITTON.

THE BALLAD OF JOHNNY SPRIGS

Oh! Brave Johnnie Sprigs had a good steed
Which rattled away at such a high speed,
That naught Cadillac or the Buick or Star
The merit and rep of a Ford could mar.

Now brave Johnnie Sprigs had fallen in love,
With a sweet little girl as cute as a dove,

Like all other fellows who get in this plight
Poor Johnnie had many strong rivals to fight.

Of two of his enemies Joe Black was the worse,
And on his poor Lizzie he put many a curse,
For Joe had a Cadillac so shiny and new
That to sound the horn would make Johnnie blue.

Joe Black got the promise of sweet Liza Jane,
To marry him next day if it didn't rain,
When Brave Johnnie Sprigs the sad news received,
He thought of his loss, and of course he was peeved.

All night Johnnie schemed of a way to beat Joe
Because Liza Jane he could not let go.
At last after thinking with all of his might,
He soon became conscious of a wee thought in sight.

His good Ford he tested, although it protested,
It back-fired and jumped, the trouble he guessed it.
And quickly with care he tried spark plugs and brakes,
And rubbed it quite gently and smoothed out its aches.

He gave her the gas and held to the wheel,
And she ran so fast that it made his brain reel.
He reached the church door and sprang from his Lizzie
And seized Liza Jane so quick she was dizzy.

So here's to a Ford whatever be said,
When it comes to speed she's right at the head,
And here's good advice to those who are blue,
Don't think about Cadillacs, Lizzies' will do!

—GRACE CASHON

GOD'S LAW AND MAN'S

It was a dirty way to do, this idea of making a man think you're his best friend and then prove to be a plain clothes detective and arrest him for handling liquor. It had never appealed to Jack Cameron of the Royal Mounted since the duty was first assigned him, and daily he seemed to abhor the job more and more. The chief knowing that

Jack had been acquainted with Joe McKee years ago naturally sent him to find out if their suspicions were correct, and it was not long after meeting Joe that he accepted his invitation to come and spend the next season with him in the far north. Summer passed, and with the coming of fall the two set out for the country above.

All signs pointed for a hard season and it was not long after they had reached their destination that the snows began to come. Soon the land was buried deep beneath a blanket of ice and sleet. It was late one evening that Joe entered with a gust of wind and snow and said, "Well, Jack, it'll surely be tough on those fellows bringing in that haul of liquor tomorrow; the Devil's doing his best out there now." His ruddy complexion seemed ruddier than ever from the cold, and he moved toward the big glowing fire and warmed his hands.

But the liquor came in safely and was securely stored in the barn. That night the house was crowded with the rough men from the still up the country and Jack heard Joe tell the head of the group that this would be all that he'd want this year. The little party was seated around the fire when suddenly a fellow from the barn bolted in. He was about to speak when his eyes fell on Jack; he watched him curiously for a second, then exclaimed, "Damn, boys, it's Cameron of the Mounted!" and with that he drew his gun and placed a bullet in Jack's shoulder. For a time the room was in intense excitement, but after Joe had placed him in his bed, the crowd drifted away to their sleeping quarters, and the two men were left alone. Jack, his face drawn with pain, finally broke the silence, "Joe, don't dress that wound. If I live there's only one thing left for me to do; I'm honor bound to arrest you if I find you guilty, and now I have the liquor in your barn. Let me die, Joe; it's the only way to save yourself."

Joe sat and thought long before he spoke, with his face buried in his hands, then he answered, "Joe McKee has done many dirty things, but he's never done a trick like that yet; no, I'm going to fix that wound."

Time soon healed the wound in Jack's shoulder, but the soft white silence of the snow, like the flickering fire-light, seemed to keep forever raw the wound in his con-

science in living a lie to his friend—a friend who would save the life of a man who was going to arrest him.

Spring was coming in and it would soon be time for the liquor to be sent south—time for him to arrest Joe; what would he do? Should he perform his duty and take him to headquarters, or should he make amends to the man who had trusted and befriended him?

Late one evening when the snows had almost melted away the two men sat together in the great northern twilight, and as the last rays of the sun were disappearing beyond the huge forest, Joe said, "Jack I don't want you to think I'm as bad as I seem to be. My mother has a terrible disease, and she needed immediate attention; I considered that I owed everything to her, and, finding that I could make money as fast in no other way as handling liquor, I gave up my reputation, everything, for her. Three years I have sold liquor and this last load would have brought enough money to have cured my mother; would it be asking too much of you to let me get it through and send the money down before you coop me up? I'll swear not to make a getaway."

"Joe will you give up the business after this load?"

"If my mother's cured," he answered.

"Well, I've fought this thing out; there are two things that govern this old world; God's law and man's; the former says that you must be given another chance, the latter that I must turn you in. Next year, Joe, we're coming back together and we're going to live straight. We'll try trapping; I'll help you and the money will go where you wish.

"Down there at the camp they say that I've never told a lie; it's the truth, but I've lived as great a one as I could have ever told; and so, Joe, to make amends for that, I'm going to tell a big one to the chief."

And at the camp next month, Joe McKee was reported "Not guilty" on the good word of Jack Cameron. A few weeks later Cameron turned in his uniform, and with the coming of fall, Joe and he followed the lonesome trail back into the frozen north.

—MAURICE BUTLER.

A BALLADE

Stand firm, bless'd school, from whom we learn,
To mold our thoughts and future years;
We give to you our deep concern,
And leave with many parting tears.
A wider view, knowledge and sphere.
From you always will be our gain,
To us the blessing now seems dear,
For which before we held disdain.

Black marks now do we wish to burn,
And bury our faults down in their bier,
Our faces hot with shame we turn
To think of many a blot and smear.
A joke, a laugh, a scoff, a sneer,
Against our school did mean no pain
To us, since then we knew no fear,
For things for which we held disdain.

On leaving all, we now discern
The fun and pleasures year by year,
The care-free thoughts, not then too stern
To think of worldly cares so near.
Before life's gate we pause in fear,
Lest our dear school did give in vain,
To us, a gift of knowledge, clear,
For which we only held disdain.

L' Envoy

Into the future may we peer,
And see no spot of dirt or stain
Against the name we love to hear,
For which before we held disdain!

—MARGARET LEIGH.

"A BOARDER"

"Klank, Klank, Klank."

"Faith, and if it ain't that door bell again," ejaculated Mrs. O'Brien. "Just when a person is most in need of time, something has to come along and use it up. Fer mor'n a month the O'Brien family's had the need of a front door

bell and then to have it rung off on such a day as this when there's pies, cakes and everything extra to be done for Thanksgiving. Now if it hadn't been for that blessed little Rosie Blake, there probably wouldn't a been no interruption and nothin' to interrupt, but the poor child ain't seen much pleasure in this——."

"Klank, Klank, Klank."

"The impatience of him and it ain't been a minute since he all but rung it off. Now who could it be that ain't got the patience of Pat O'Brien when I'm a hurryin' my head off packing his pail and he a coaxing me on like I was the tail ender in a minute race."

It was at this juncture of the solilquy that Mrs. O'Brien reached the door to which the annoyance of the day was affixed. She had hardly turned the knob before a boy clad in a neat-looking blue uniform had thrust a yellow envelope into her hand and was half way down the steps leading to the street when the poor lady recovered her speech.

"Telegram? And are you sure, my boy, it's meant for here? Pat and me ain't no relatives in the country, so you see couldn't anybody have died and sent us a telegram, and though we've tried to be as Samaritan like as possible, we ain't never befriended anybody with no amount of money, and what else could a person send a telegram for?"

The boy turned back and explained that the telegram was for Miss Rose Blake, and inquired if she did not live there.

"Now, for a surety little Rosie lives here and to think I hadn't even looked to see whose name was on it," and with a beaming smile Mrs. O'Brien nodded to the messenger, and back to the kitchen she flew with the telegram tucked securely in her big apron pocket.

Mrs. O'Brien, almost consumed with curiosity, spent the rest of the morning talking first to her beloved parrot, then to herself, and between times watching for Rosie Blake.

Rosie had lived with the O'Briens for three years. They knew nothing about her except that she was beautiful, educated and cultured. She seemed little inclined

to make friends, and worked hard as a secretary spending practically nothing on herself.

The O'Briens (there were only two of them) were the most lovable souls. Mr. O'Brien worked in the mill not so far away, while Mrs. O'Brien attended to the household affairs—such as keeping spotless the interior of the house, which from the exterior looked like most of the cheaper class of dwellings in the milling districts, humoring Pat O'Brien and mothering Rosie Blake.

"Rosie Blake, just come right in this kitchen; I've a surprise for ye that'll probably scare the wits out of ye, but then if it ain't a death, my dear, it's a fortune and there's no one as a fortune would become like it would you."

Rosie, flushed and flurried from the biting air outside, ran into the spacious and cheerful-looking kitchen, threw her arms around Mrs. O'Brien, gave her a kiss on the cheek and then, seating herself in the comfortable rocker, which Mr. O'Bryan had insisted should remain where it was, even though Mrs. O'Brien had stoutly informed him that it wasn't "good taste," demanded the "surprise." Mrs. O'Brien dug down into her pocket and pulled out the crumpled yellow envelope, handing it to Rosie.

"For me? Why Mother O'Brien, it couldn't be. I'm sure nobody knows where I am, and if anyone did, about what could they wire me?"

"Well, my dear, I suppose the best way to find out what it says is to open it. I do hope it's a fortune for ye—bless the soul of ye, wouldn't ye look handsome in velvet."

Rosie tore open the envelope and unfolded the contents, and, almost hesitatingly, she read: "Authorities have proof. Am free and coming at once. Bob," and, before Mrs. O'Brien had had time for the usual flow of inquiries, dear little Rose Blake had fallen unconscious to the floor.

After exhausting all her remedies, Mrs. O'Brien finally "brought her around." By this time Mr. O'Brien had arrived, so they had the story at once. A short one, but it seemed to bring joy to all. Rose Blake's husband had been accused of theft and had been sentenced to the peni-

tentiary. Though he had insisted he was innocent, he had been forced to begin serving his term.

All their funds having been expended in his behalf, Rose had come to the milling town and secured work, and, out of the funds saved, she was employing detectives to find the guilty party—the results being the telegram. All this accounted for the sadness and lack of friendliness of their Rosie, and the O'Briens were overjoyed to know that they were going to give Rosie and Bob their second start in life on Thanksgiving Day.

"Faith, and I could tell by the impatience of the boy when he rung that bell that 'twas good fortune for somebody," chattered Mrs. O'Brien as she resumed her tasks of cleaning, working, humoring and mothering.

With the exception of the sadness in Rose Blake's eyes, which never seemed to leave them no matter what her mood, the O'Briens and their boarder, as the neighbors termed her, were a happy lot.

—KATHERINE HATCHETT

A THOUGHT

O, when I sit and think of ages past,
And wonder at the death of heroes great,
Of brave men, both on land and fore the mast,
Of scholars famed, and as I meditate,
A question rises in my mind tonight.
It will not lie. Shall it unanswered be?
"Why do they battle, study, or sea-fight?
They only work for naught on land or sea,
Why are we here? To live, and work, and die?
What is His purpose in His Holy Plan?
Are we to struggle on and on——?" O lie!
There is reward above for every man!
But as I argue still, the moon breaks through,
Oh God, how small we are in Heaven's view!

—ROBERT J. WOOD.

JUST PLAIN JOHN

One of the most perplexing and stupefying species of humanity is the average American boy. He has been a

puzzle and a problem to parents for several decades and will continue to be a problem, worthy of study, as long as pure red American blood flows in his veins. At times he falls into such stupors and says such things as only men who remember that they have been boys are able to understand.

Some boys seem to be especially adapted to becoming ministers and that seems to be the ambition of some boys from the cradle until they finally reach this high-prized goal. These very ambitious boys are very rare and should be prized by their associates.

John Whitby was just the opposite. Of course he had once considered becoming president, then he wished to become a ranch owner, later he wanted to make his debut in the pugilistic world, and last but not least he was determined to be a millionaire.

The boy who has such high ideals as these is much more fortunate than he is who seeks the ministry for his profession.

John Whitby was just a plain American boy of fourteen and his father was just a plain cashier in the First National Bank of Blimpton.

Among the numerous things which John detested, the one which he hated most, was his plain name John. He had often given the matter lengthy thought and had often wondered why he couldn't have been named Napoleon, Leopold, or Frederick or anything except John. The thought of the word alone disgusted him, but what disgusted him more was to have to tell anyone his name. J-O-H-N; the more he spelled it the worse he hated it.

More than once he suggested to his parents the changing of his name only to be severely reprimanded. He had even been instructed never again to mention the changing of his name. But instead he still persisted in annoying his father until Mr. John Whitby, Sr. was forced to take drastic steps in an endeavor to stop this so called "foolishness."

Only too well did John remember the day that his father invited him upstairs after supper and had quoted the old saying: "Spare the rod and spoil the child." After that memorable siege on the seat of his pants and judging by the aforesaid rule John Whitby was anything but spoiled.

John progressed fairly well at school. His only subject which he had difficulty in mastering was English. In fact, he had never really mastered it. William Shakespeare was an intolerable being to John Whitby. He and the venerable old William could never agree. Many a time in his day-dreams John had witnessed the burning of Shakespeare at the stake for writing his foolish prattle. Quite often his teacher, Miss Haywood, had told his mother to make him study his classics more. And quite often he had neglected them more. Finally the crisis came! He must choose between Shakespeare and failure. He took the final step. He chose Shakespeare.

Many weary nights he spent over these literary masterpieces in a vain attempt to ignite wood with the fires of literature. Later the examinations came. He managed to pass the gruelling tests prepared by all excepting the heartless Miss Haywood. He failed on English but through the untiring efforts of his mother he was conditioned on the subject. One day she had a talk with him. It was one of those heart-to-heart talks that only a parent can give a child. He had rather take a whipping than stand the grief expressed by his mother in such a conversation. Finally he promised her that he would study.

Summer came and with it good news for the Whitbys. Mr. Whitby had been offered a better position by the Consolidated Trust Company of Pleasure Valley, a neighboring town. With the better position there came also a better salary and this suited Mr. Whitby's taste financially.

At length they moved and became prosperous citizens of Pleasure Valley.

Then came the process of getting acquainted with the neighbors. These pleasant little conversations involved thereby please any woman who is in anyway inclined to exercise her vocal organs, and Mrs. Whitby was no exception. When a new neighbor made their acquaintance he was ushered immediately into the parlor. Later, when John made his appearance on the scene the first question asked by the neighbor was: "What is your name?" Then John was forced to tell them his simple name. John was always embarrassed when a stranger asked him his name. Thus he became more and more to dislike his name.

One day the postman brought good news. Uncle Billy Greene was coming to see them from the big city. Now Uncle Billy Greene was not suited to such a small place as Pleasure Valley, but instead he liked the fast city life and only visited his relatives when he felt in need of a good, quiet rest. To secure a complete rest was the foremost object of their visit.

During his stay in Pleasure Valley, Uncle Billy had promised to take his nephew John to see a drama scheduled for the latter part of the month at the town hall. The title of this spectacle was "Love's Trust." The play was as slushy as its name—so Uncle Billy expressed it—and Uncle Billy came very near hitting the nail on the head. John watched the posters and read all matter of information concerning the play. The Pleasure Valley "Chronicle" always devoted a column a day to stock companies who would play Pleasure Valley in a few weeks, and in return the "Chronicle" editor and staff always got passes to the performance.

John counted the days before the arrival of the company and found it was due in five days. Five days would mean Saturday. Saturday he would be out of school and could go down to the station and watch the players and their paraphernalia arrive. He was on hand early Saturday morning and witnessed the arrival of the troupe.

There were bobbed-haired women galore who had more paint on their faces than the leading manufacturers would make in a century. The show men were there too with their checked suits, spats, a huge watch fob, the big diamond on the forefinger of the left-hand, and everything else that constituted a full-fledged showman. The day passed as slowly as any John had ever witnessed. Finally night came and with night the joy of attending the show.

Uncle Billy was ready at eight-thirty and John had been ready and waiting since seven. John complimented Uncle Billy on his choice of seats too, because the seats were only four rows back from the front. Presently the curtains were drawn and the show was on.

Now the play "Love's Trust" was just like all other small dramas of its day. The villian kidnaps the heroine and the hero (who happens to have the stage name John) goes to the rescue of the heroine. In the midst of cutting

the bonds which bind the heroine the hero is confronted by the villain who demands to know the hero's identity because the hero was disguised. The hero throws off his disguise and exclaims: "John, d—n it! Just plain John." The villain is so surprised that the hero easily slays him and proceeds in safety to free the heroine.

When John and his uncle returned home and had retired John could not sleep. He kept thinking of the grand style in which the hero answered the villain. It seemed satisfyingly dramatic, and appealed to his boyish ideals. The more he repeated these words of the hero the more he liked them. John resolved upon a bold plan. He knew his English at school was poor. This mode of conversation sounded something like the drama he had been studying at school. He decided to answer the next person who asked him his name in this dramatic fashion.

Little did John Whitby realize that this dramatic style had a ton of woe in store for him.

It was a warm day in June. There was nothing afoot for a small boy. He was lying under the pear tree in his back-yard when he was awakened from this reverie by a call from his mother. She informed him that the minister was in the parlor and for him to get washed up and come in and meet the minister. He disgustedly arose and clambered upstairs to perform the necessary toilet. Half an hour later he made his appearance on the threshold of the parlor. The minister arose and addressed John. "I think this is the first time I have had the pleasure of meeting this little gentleman. Pray tell me your name?"

John realized that his chance had come to express himself as dramatically as the hero of the wonderful little play "Love's Trust."

John immediately answered: "John, d—n it! Just plain John!"

His mother fled from the room in hysterics and the minister wasn't long in retiring.

Little more can be said to add to this tale of woe excepting that as the sun was slowly sinking in the west, on this quite eventful day, a small boy sat on Mr. John Whitby's back fence meditating over the pains which had so lately transpired through a certain part of his anatomy.

—FRANKLIN WILLIAMSON.



P. H. S. 35—First Baptist 17

The Maroon and Black squad started the basketball season with a rush, and smothered the fast Baptist team by a 35 to 17 score. High School clearly out-played their opponents in all parts of the game.

P. H. S. 30.—Boys' Club 22.

The fast Boys' Club from Richmond were handed a 30 to 22 defeat by P. H. S. on January 13 at our local "Y" court. The Richmond boys put up a pretty fight, but the High School squad were too strong for them. Andrews starred for High School.

P. H. S. 12—John Marshall 25

The John Marshall team from Richmond proved too strong for High School and defeated them by a 25 to 12 score. The team fought hard but had to bow before the Marshalites.

P. H. S. 13—Maury 29

Hard luck followed the P. H. S. team on their Eastern trip. On January 19 Maury defeated High School on their court by the score of 29 to 13. Bellinger played well for P. H. S.

P. H. S. 12—William & Mary Reserves 13

P. H. S. lost to William & Mary Reserves on their court on January 20, by the score of 13 to 12. This was the hardest fought game of the season. Bellinger and Edwards starred for P. H. S.

P. H. S. 18—Wilson High 21.

The strong team of Wilson High, Portsmouth, played High School here on February 3 and defeated P. H. S. by the score of 21 to 18. Andrews starred for High School.

P. H. S. 14—John Marshall 28.

P. H. S. went to Richmond February 10 to even up things with the Marshalites, but they could not shake the jinx and were defeated by the score of 28 to 14. Cook played the best game for High School.

P. H. S. 15—Maury 20.

The Maroon and Black boys put up a stiff and determined fight against the Maury boys of Norfolk, but they were nosed out of a victory by the more experienced team of their opponent. The final score was 20 to 15 in favor of Maury. Edwards starred for P. H. S.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS**P. H. S. 24—Dinwiddie 10.**

On Saturday, December 16, P. H. S. met her old rival, Dinwiddie, and added another scalp to her belt.

P. H. S. 34—Emporia 11.

Another red letter day was marked on P. H. S.'s calendar on December 21, when Emporia was defeated. Goodwin battled for the red and black her last time.

P. H. S. 11—Farmville Normal 32.

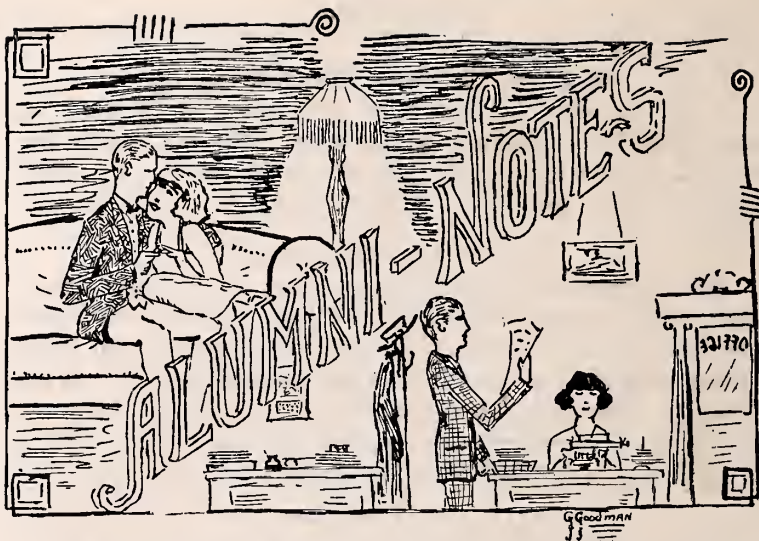
On Friday, January 26, the girls went up to Farmville for one of the State Normal's practice games. P. H. S. was defeated for the first time this year, but every girl on the team fought to the end. This was Captain Irvine's last fight for High School, and though she led the team with the same vim and pep, the Normal girls proved too strong.

P. H. S. 37—Independents 27.

Revenge is sweet! At least it was for the girls, February 2, when they romped on the former stars of P. H. S. Petersburg High kept the lead during the whole game, and at no time was victory doubtful.

P. H. S. 34—Collegiate 17.

Pat Donnan is living up to the example set by Irvine. Her team entered the game with the determination to win and they were not disappointed, on February 16, when they met the Collegiate team of Richmond.



Mr. Robert Skinner, '22, is a student at V. P. I. this year.

Mr. William Ruffin ex '24, has entered V. M. I.

Miss Lelia Drewry, '21, who has been visiting her parents on Fillmore Street for a few days, has returned to Randolph-Macon Woman's College where she is a student this year.

Miss Elizabeth Cogbill, '23, has taken up her studies at Farmville State Normal for the rest of the term.

Mr. Harry Cooper, '22, is attending Washington and Lee University.

Mr. Hyman Cantor is a student at the University of Richmond.

Miss Dorothy Irvine, '23, has accepted a position in the office of Mr. Earl White.

Miss Olga Goodwin, ex '23, is taking a business course at Bowman's Commercial School.



Teacher: "When an adjective is like a noun what does it do?"

Bright Pupil: "It becomes a pronoun."

* * * *

LOST:—A fountain pen walking down the steps. Reward if returned to owner.

* * * *

He: "Sweets to the sweet."

She: "Oh, thank you! May I pass you the nuts?"

* * * *

Since Maria Bowman has met the captain of our football team, she has suddenly changed her religion from Episcopalian to "Russell"-light.

* * * *

Mr. Scott in 3A Geometry: "Mr. Carter, if you'd hang on to your determination to pass this geometry instead of hanging on to Miss Donnan you'd stand more chance of getting through."

* * * *

There was a girl named Lou,
Who made a batch of homebrew.
She took a sip,
A wee little sip.
Funeral Tuesday at two!

Pupil: "What rights has a delegate from the territories?"

Miss Guerrant: "Well, he can sit on the floor."

* * * *

Wanted to know if Ath E. Leete is John Leete's brother.

* * * *

Mary Cabaniss: "What did you do in English?"

C. Moorman: "Mr. Miller took up a lot of time arranging his "consolation" periods.

* * * *

A little boy, on seeing a picture of Elijah ascending to heaven, with a halo around his head, said, "Look, mother, he's carrying an extra tire."

* * * *

Father: "Now, Mike, I want you to be good while I'm gone."

Mike: "I'll be good for a nickel."

Father: "I want you to know that while you're a son of mine, you must be good for nothing."

* * * *

Some people are so dumb that they think Easter Sunday is Billy Sunday's sister.

* * * *

"I shall never marry," Reginald declared, "until I meet a woman who is my direct opposite."

"Oh, Reggie," Mabel cried delightfully, "there are a number of intelligent girls in the neighborhood."

* * * *

Neighbor: "They tell me your son is on the college football eleven."

Proud Mother: "Yes, indeed."

Neighbor: "What position does he play?"

Mother: "I'm not sure, but I think he's one of the drawbacks."

First Student: "What's a Ouija board?"

Second Student: "It's a piece of plank entirely surrounded by suckers."

* * * *

Customer: "Would you mind selling me a yard of silk?"

Sales Girl: "What color?"

Customer: "Zane Grey."

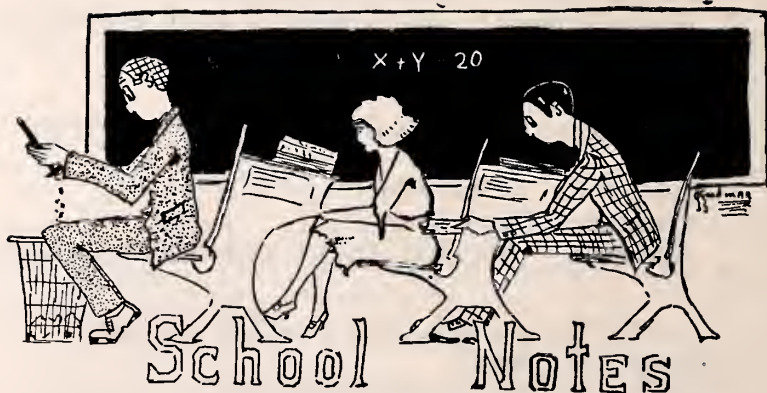
Salesgirl: "I am sorry, but we have only Monte Blue."

* * * *

Jack: "Do you know why your hair isn't red?"

Tom: "No, why?"

Jack: "Because ivory doesn't rust."



The National Trio, January 1st, Dr. Bible's Lecture, January 13th, and the National Concert, February 5th, were all interesting numbers of the Lyceum course. Dr. Bible's lecture was one that all the students should have heard. The next number, The Phillipine Quartette, March 28th, promises to be an excellent number.

The Declamation Contest for the two literary societies was held, Maclin Cogbill being the best declamer from the Page Society and Franklin Williamson from the Daniel Society. In the final contest Maclin Cogbill was chosen to represent us in Richmond.

The Senior class regrets very much to announce the failure to get Vachel Lindsay to return here this year.

The History Club will start its trips to the historical places around the city as soon as the weather permits.

The New Civics Club is keeping up the work of the old one in the clean-up campaign with an even stronger determination to keep the old High School clean.



D. H. S. Purpose: You have a very well-balanced paper, and the Exchange Department is unusually good. --

The Brackety-Ack: Your paper is very interesting, but why not have more jokes, and a little less Alumni News?

The Rushlite: We enjoy your paper very much, especially the department headed "High School Dope," which is original and witty.

The Photograph: Your paper is full of "pep" and originality. We would like to hear from you again!

The Courant: A paper with all the departments well organized. The humorous column called "Chips" is excellent, and adds much to the paper.

The Beacon: Your magazine merits a great deal of praise, and is a credit to the school. It is one of the best we have received, and shows work on the part of the entire staff.

EXCHANGE SHOTS

He: "If the tea leaves will the coffee have grounds for divorce?"

She: "Why yes, if the tea spoons."

Teacher: "What's your head for, young man?"

Pupil: "To hang my hat on."

* * * *

Who can tell me the National air of Italy?

Garlic.

* * * *

"I didn't sleep a wink last night."

"Caesar's ghost!"

"No, mince pie."

* * * *

He: "A kiss speaks volumes."

She: "Are you collecting a library?"

* * * *

Drummer: "I am the fastest man in the world."

Violinist: "How's that?"

Drummer: "Time flies, doesn't it?"

Violinist: "So they say."

Drummer: "Well, I beat time."

"CHEVROLET FOR ECONOMY"

One Dollar

Starts the account that starts You in
Business. Deposit your Dollars with

AMERICAN BANK AND TRUST CO.

William B. McIlwaine, President.
R. E. Lunsford, Vice-President.
Edward Eigenbrun, Vice-President.
Wallace D. Blanks, Cashier.
P. E. Perdue, Assistant Cashier.
George B. Townsend, Mgr. Ins. Dept.
C. C. Cashon, New Business.

H. WICE

UP TO THE MINUTE
LADIES' READY-TO-WEAR APPAREL

126 North Sycamore Street,
'Phone 857 PETERSBURG, VA.

Geo. B. Carter

Dealer

Ford Cars Trucks Tractors

BUY GENUINE FORD PARTS

Bank Street = Petersburg, Va.

HARLOW, WILLCOX & CO.—Furniture

"CHEVROLET FOR ECONOMY"

Buy your FURNITURE from
The House of Quality
PRICES RIGHT

Kent Furniture Co.

THE BIG STORE

G. D. Harlow, President. C. H. Hardy, Secretary.
D. M. Collier, Vice-President. E. S. Harlow, Treasurer

The HARLOW-HARDY CO., Inc.

Dealers in

**FURNITURE, STOVES,
FLOOR COVERINGS, Etc.**

'Phone 919

134 W. Bank St., Petersburg, Va.

Headquarters for Up-to-the-Minute

FOOTWEAR

In Men's, Boys', Women's, and Children's Shoes

J. O. JAMES SHOE CO.

24 N. Sycamore Street

GET RE-SOLED IN OUR REPAIR SHOP

The Banking Trust and Mortgage Co.

121 North Sycamore Street,

Invites P. H. S. Students to investigate its Christmas
Savings Club

"THE TEACHER OF SYSTEMATIC SAVINGS"

HARLOW, WILLCOX & CO.—Furniture

"CHEVROLET FOR ECONOMY"

The National Bank of Petersburg

— ORGANIZED 1886 —

The Oldest National Bank in Southside Virginia

Deposit With This Strong Bank

We pay four per cent. interest on Saving Accounts

Safety Deposit Boxes for rent at small cost

CHAS. E. PLUMMER, President. E. H. BEASLEY, Cashier
W. L. VENABLE, Vice-President. S. I. BRAGG, Asst. Cashier
W. D. FRANKLIN, Vice-President F. H. PLUMMER, Asst. Cashier.

T. S. BECKWITH & CO.

Books, Stationery and Office Supplies

— ENGRAVING —

Visiting Cards Announcements Wedding Invitations
Crests Monograms

Engraved in the Latest Styles

BLACKWELL SMITH

Drugs Drug Sundries

AND SERVICE

Corner Washington and South

'Phone 575



*If it's kin to Hardware,
it's related to us.*

Joyner Hardware Co. Inc.

400 North Sycamore Street

HARLOW, WILLCOX & CO.—Furniture

"CHEVROLET FOR ECONOMY"

**WHERE SOCIETY MEETS,
OUR CLOTHES PREDOMINATE**

...GLOBE DEPARTMENT STORE...

**HART SCHAFFNER & MARX
CLOTHES**

GAS!

**ALWAYS AT YOUR SERVICE, NIGHT AND DAY
USE IT BUT DO NOT WASTE IT**

JAS. Y. BRANCH, Inc.

V. R. BEACHY, Proprietor

SPORTING GOODS,

**Guns, Bicycles, Edison Phonographs, Toys and
Camera Supplies**

Rosenstock Building, Sycamore Street

Standard Shoe Company

"FOR BETTER SHOES"

242 North Sycamore Street

HARLOW, WILLCOX & CO.—Furniture

"CHEVROLET FOR ECONOMY"

RUCKER Dry Goods Co.

The Store Where Quality
Reigns Supreme,
SOLICITS A SHARE OF YOUR
PATRONAGE

E. B. MAYTON

Fine Family Groceries

Notions, Candy, Cigars, Tobacco, &c.,

'Phone 477

S. E. Corner Washington & West Sts.

Talmage Furniture Company

301-303 Halifax Street, opp. Liberty Street

"The Little Store With a Big Stock"

EVERYTHING FOR THE HOME

CENTRAL GROCERY CO.

—Dealers in—

**FAMILY GROCERIES, TEAS, COFFEES,
MEATS**

'Phone No. 4

::

311 Halifax St.

HARLOW, WILLCOX & CO.—Furniture

"CHEVROLET FOR ECONOMY"

THE OLD RELIABLE

Petersburg Furniture Co.

HOME FURNISHERS

'Phone 223.

YOUR CREDIT IS GOOD.

A. J. Winfield, Manager.

100 N. Sycamore St.

YOU FELLOWS at The Petersburg High School are respectfully invited to call at our store and take a look at our High School Suits. We mean by High School Suits—clothes that are built for the young fellow. Designed along special lines, and are especially created to meet the demand of the fellow that wants to be dressed correctly. They cost no more than the kind that isn't right. All other Boys' togs here too.

EIGENBRUN BROS.

CLOTHIERS THAT KNOW

PILCHER *The Jeweler*

**SELLS THE BEST AT PRICES AS LOW AS
THE LOWEST**

Do Your Christmas Shopping at Pilcher's
MECHANICS BUILDING

CHOICE STOCKS OF READY-TO-WEAR
FOR THE SCHOOL MISS CAN BE IN-
SPECTED AT

ROSENSTOCK'S

ONE OF VIRGINIA'S BEST STORES

HARLOW, WILLCOX & CO.—Furniture

"CHEVROLET FOR ECONOMY"



**WE MOVE
ANYTHING
ANYWHERE
ANYTIME**

Moving
OUR customers stipulate
what they want. We carry
out their instructions.
This is a service that was
clearly designed for our
patron's convenience.
Prices low; service as-
sured.

We aim to please"
**GRESHAM & WARE,
Inc.**
128 North Market Street
'Phone 128

MODEL LAUNDRY

Corner Sycamore and Washington Streets
C. E. & W. A. WILLIAMSON, Props.

'Phone 241

"SATISFACTORY SERVICE"

Typewriters

Adding Machines

Sold — Rented — Repaired

B. W. THACKER,

104 West Bank Street = Petersburg, Va.

— FOR —
HEALTH ENJOYMENT ECONOMY
— Use —

"ELLERSLIE'S DAIRY PRODUCTS"

ELLERSLIE DAIRY COMPANY, INC.

Office 'phone No. 1868

Plant 'phone No. 2486

27 South Sycamore Street

HARLOW, WILLCOX & CO.—Furniture

"CHEVROLET FOR ECONOMY"

Crutchfield's

**CLEANERS, DYERS AND
LAUNDERERS**

'Phones 275-276.

Petersburg, Va.

MAX TOBIAS

**High Class Ladies' and Children's
Ready-to-Wear Apparel**

Cloaks, Suits and Millinery

Our Motto: Quality and Low Prices

'Phone 1845-W

235 N. Sycamore Street

PETERSBURG

- VIRGINIA

E. B. Short Auto Supply Company

TIRES, TUBES, OILS, GREASES, SOAPS

All Kinds Accessories

BENZOLINE AND STANDARD GAS

For Service Call 1131 — 26 S. Sycamore St.

"HOUSE OF KUPPENHEIMER"

Good Clothes for Men and Boys with

"STYLE AND QUALITY"

Supreme

New York Clothing Company, Inc.

122 North Sycamore Street

HARLOW, WILLCOX & CO.—Furniture

"CHEVROLET FOR ECONOMY"

...THE ARK...

EVERYTHING—THAT'S ALL

39 Bollingbrook Street

All your Musical Needs can be supplied at

The Petersburg Music Store

**Victor-Victrolas, Victor Records, Sheet Music and Books
Musical Instruments**

"EVERYTHING MUSICAL"

117 N. Sycamore St.

PHONE 906

The Virginia National Bank

Solicits your Account

Capital \$1,000,000.00

Surplus \$300,000.00

 **MOVING
DAY**



Moving

**DO NOT stand in fear
and dread of moving day.
Tell us in advance your
moving plans and we will
execute them with speed
and satisfaction at lowest
rates.**

"We aim to please"

**GRESHAM & WARE,
Inc.**

**128 North Market Street
'Phone 128**

HARLOW, WILLCOX & CO.,—Furniture

"CHEVROLET FOR ECONOMY"

If you are interested in regular COLLEGE COURSES leading to Bachelor or Master degrees, or

SPECIAL COURSES in Teacher Training, Home Economics, Pre-Medicine, Pre-Engineering, Law, Business Administration, Commerce, Finance, etc., write for particulars to

The College of William and Mary

WILLIAMSBURG, VIRGINIA

H. L. BRIDGES, *Registrar*

J. A. C. CHANDLER, *President*

Hampden-Sidney College

Dormitories equipped with modern conveniences. Pre-medical and pre-engineering courses. Well-equipped laboratories. Standard entrance requirements, regular College degrees, Athletic activities under trained coach. 148th session begins September 12, 1923. For catalog and other information, address

Registrar, Hampden-Sidney, Virginia

The University of Virginia

EDWIN A. ALDERMAN, *President*

THE TRAINING GROUND OF ALL THE PEOPLE

Departments represented: The College, Graduate Studies, Education, Engineering, Law, Medicine, The Summer Quarter. Also Degree in Courses in Fine Arts, Architecture, Business and Commerce, Chemistry, etc. Tuition in Academic Departments free to Virginians. All expenses reduced to a minimum. Loan funds available for men and women. Address THE REGISTRAR, University, Va.

Write for
Catalogue and
DEALER'S
Proposition



Ask us about
our Special
SCHOOL
PLAN

THE EDISON PEN CO., PETERSBURG, VA.

HARLOW, WILLCOX & CO.,—Furniture

"CHEVROLET FOR ECONOMY"

"When once you taste our cakes and sweets,
You'll say we cook the best of eats"

CAKES, PASTRIES and BREADS

FRESH AT ALL HOURS

Sold at the

A. & P. Bakery 35 North
Sycamore Street

Lester, Mehlin and Leonard PIANOS

BRUNSWICK TALKING MACHINES

RADIOPHONES A SPECIALTY

PETERSBURG PIANO COMP'Y

23 WEST WASHINGTON STREET

W. A. RYLAND

—Dealer in—

Fine, Fancy Groceries, Vegetables and Meats

Unexcelled in Quality—Prices Right

453 Harrison Street :: 'Phone 818

Dr. J. Douglas Watkins

Eye Specialist

Ocular Diagnosis 146-A N. Sycamore St.

HARLOW, WILLCOX & CO.—Furniture

"CHEVROLET FOR ECONOMY"

DR. L. E. RAYHORN

Specialist in Optometry

.....

HOURS 9 5

PHONE 2418-J

Cohen Building, Sycamore and Franklin Streets
Petersburg, Va.

KODAKS, BOOKS AND STATIONERY

Lum Bros.

**"A GOOD
DRUG STORE"**

Sycamore and Franklin Streets

BOWMAN BROTHERS

Leading Meat Dealers

**HIGH GRADE MEATS, FRUITS
and VEGETABLES**

31 South Sycamore Street

SERVICE, QUALITY, DEPENDABILITY

Petersburg Builders' Supply Co., Inc.

**WHEN YOU BUILD YOUR HOME
BUILD IT IN QUALITY**

'Phone 783

::

Market Street

HARLOW, WILLCOX & CO.—Furniture

"CHEVROLET FOR ECONOMY"

The VOGUE SHOP, Inc.

LADIES' READY-TO-WEAR

MILLINERY AND SHOES

"YOU SEE OUR GARMENTS ON

ALL WELL DRESSED WOMEN"

120 North Sycamore Street = Petersburg, Va.



PETERSBURG.VA.

ESTABLISHED 1860

Petersburg Savings & Trust Co.

Capital, One Million

Bowman Commercial College

WHERE TABB CROSSES SYCAMORE

¶ The most attractive openings in the business world require a High School education as an essential qualification.

¶ Stay in High School until you graduate—you may always regret it, if you don't.

**GEORGE
LUDLOW
WHITE**

Principal
Phone 659

HARLOW, WILLCOX & CO.,—Furniture

"CHEVROLET FOR ECONOMY"

Emory and Henry College

EMORY, VIRGINIA

Offers superior advantages to young men at reasonable rates.

Address:

J. N. HILLMAN, President

Light and Power.....

DO IT ELECTRICALLY

VIRGINIA RAILWAY & POWER CO.

HARLOW, WILLCOX & CO.—Furniture



